

OLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

meet FRANKENSTEIN and DRACULA



006-604
APRIL

Hanna-
Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

OHHH! OW! OUU!

THAT
DOES
IT...

I'M GOING TO MAKE A DENTAL
APPOINTMENT FOR YOU SO YOU
CAN HAVE THAT TOOTH PULLED!

NO!
HOLD IT,
WILMA!

I'LL SAVE THE
MONEY AND DO
IT MYSELF!

OKAY, W-WILMA,
S-SLAM THE DOOR!

OKAY, YOU
WIN...MAKE THE
APPOINTMENT!

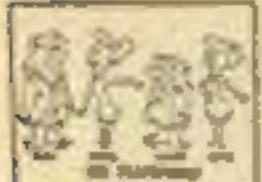


Hanna-Barbera **THE FLINTSTONES meet
FRANKENSTEIN and DRACULA**



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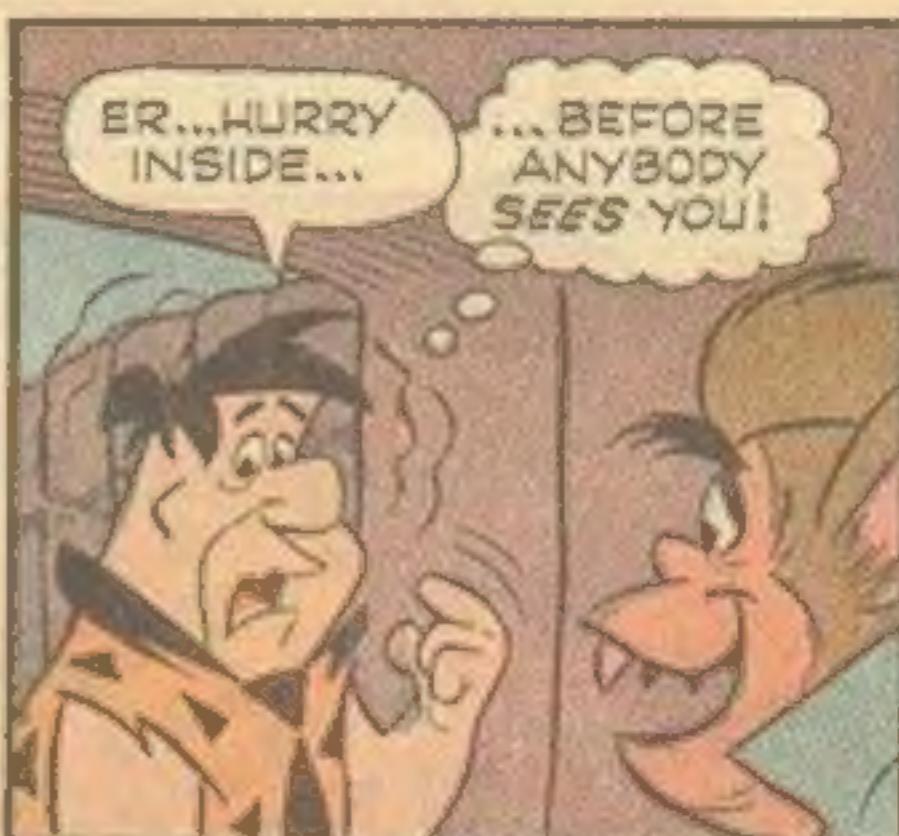
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AND
SO...

LET'S WORK UP AN APPETITE
PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK!

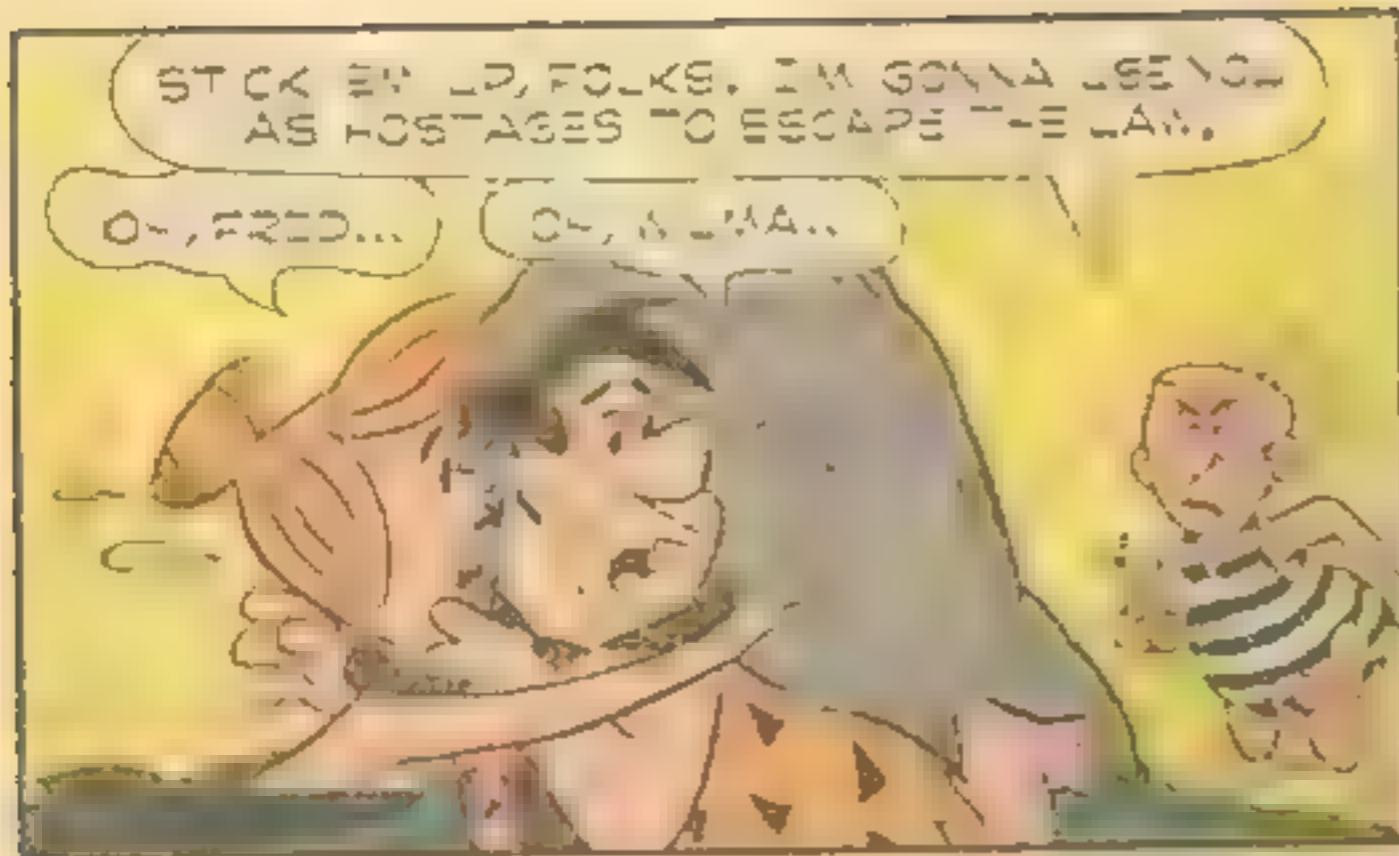
ACTUALLY, THIS IS A GOOD
WAY TO KEEP THEM ALL
AWAY FROM WILMA!



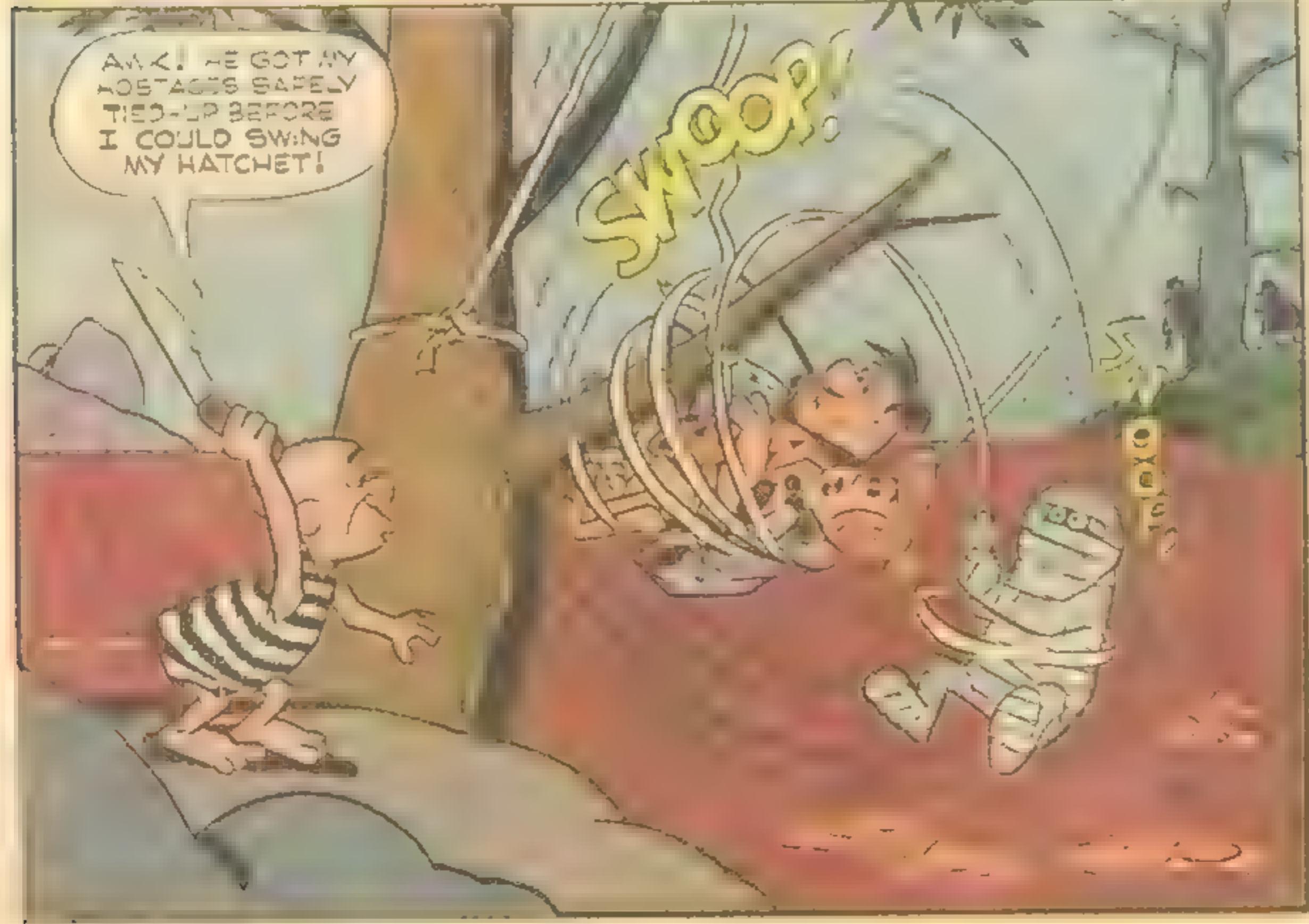
HIDE, COUSINS...
1...2...3...4...

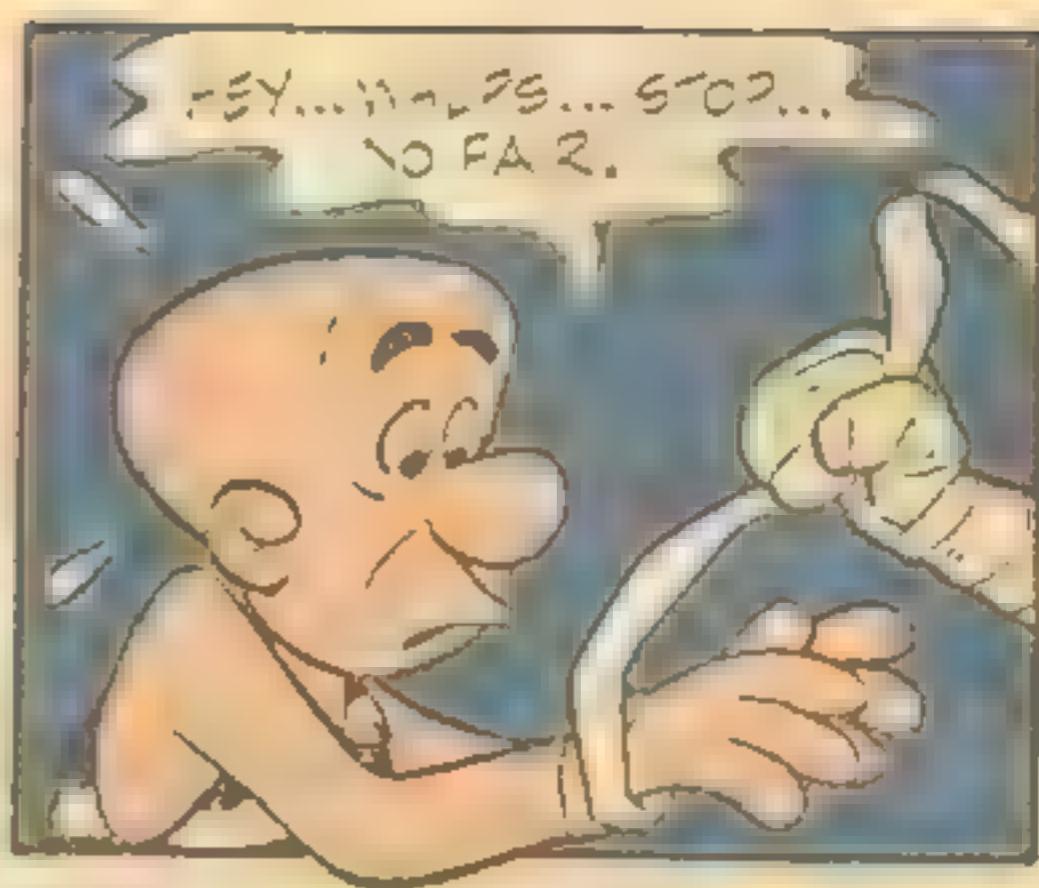
THAT FRED GUY IS MORE FUN
THAN A VAT FULLA VIPERS!

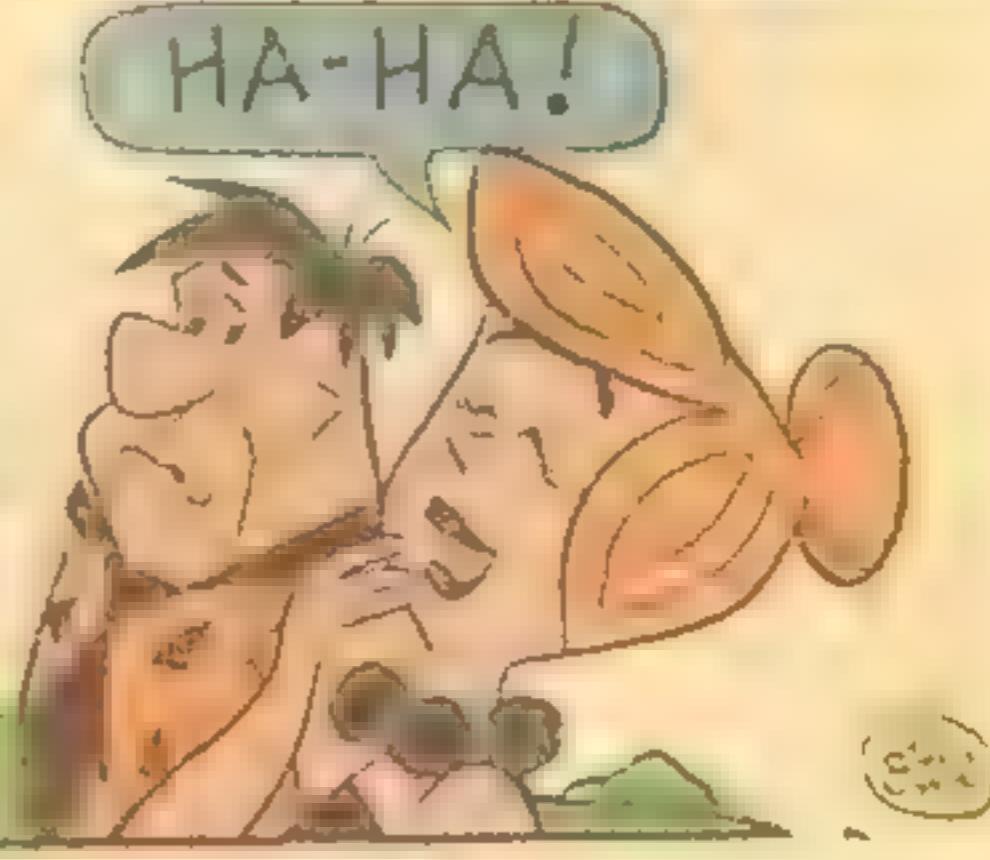












POP ART FLOP



"What was it you wanted to see me about, Sir?" asked Perry Gunnite as he entered the mayor's office.

"Well, I don't know if you'll take this job or not," began the mayor. "It might be beneath your dignity!"

"Beneath my dignity? Are you kidding?" Perry answered. "You just name the job and I'll do it. Sweeping the city hall, babysitting, polishing fireplugs! We private eyes have to be versatile, you know!"

"Yes, I know!" said the mayor. "But this particular job involves some stolen trash! Last week, when the trash collectors made their rounds, there was no trash! Someone had stolen it!"

"But who would steal trash?"

"I don't know, but it is all very mysterious, and I expect you to solve this baffling case! Will you try?"

So, the night before the next weekly trash pickup, Perry hid himself in an empty trash can in front of the bank. He fell asleep, and the next thing he knew he was being dumped into a truck.

The truck roared off, and after awhile it stopped. The back tilted up, and Perry was dumped out on the ground along with a huge pile of assorted trash and junk.

"Well, let's see what treasures we have here," said a voice, unfamiliar to Perry.

Perry groped out of the mess of trash to see a young bearded man staring at him.

"Man!" said the young fellow. "That's the craziest piece of trash I've ever seen!"

"Look here! I'm not a piece of trash!" Perry huffed. "I'm a private eye, and I'd like to know why you have been stealing this trash."

The young man's eyes widened. "Cool it, Dad! Did you say stealing? I didn't think I was stealing it. No law against picking up a little trash, is there?" he asked.

"No," Perry admitted, "but why do you do such a thing?"

"Well, I am an artist," said the bearded one. "Ever hear of POP ART, Pop?"

Perry had to admit he had not.

The artist shook his head wonderingly.

"Man, where have you been all your life?" he asked. "Hiding in trash cans? Come over here and I'll fill you in!"

He led the way to a nearby shack. On the wall was a large framed picture. Picture? Well, on some canvas was glued a conglomeration of old tin cans, bottles, torn newspapers and other assorted junk.

"That's Pop Art!" beamed the artist. "I created it all out of trash! And you know what? Somebody's already offered me a cool G for it... a thousand dollars to you, man!"

The next day there appeared in front of Perry's office a large board on which was glued some old tin cans, bottles, torn newspapers and other trash.

"If that clown with the beard can get a thousand dollars for trash like that, so can I," Perry declared, adding a finishing touch with an old horseshoe.

Suddenly a car screeched to a stop. A man got out and walked toward Perry.

"A customer already!" thought Perry.

"Does that belong to you?" asked the man, pointing to Perry's Pop Art.

"Why yes," Perry smiled.

"Then get it off the sidewalk!" the man snapped. "I'm the commissioner of public health, and there's a law against trash on sidewalks. Move it... now!"

"Oh, well," Perry sighed, as he lugged his Pop Art back into his office. "I guess as an artist, I make a good private eye!"

Hanna-
Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

COME ON,
GET BUSY!

LOW SPIN - LOSE
CROSS-THREADS
EVENLY!

THAT'S
THE
STUFF.

WILMA...

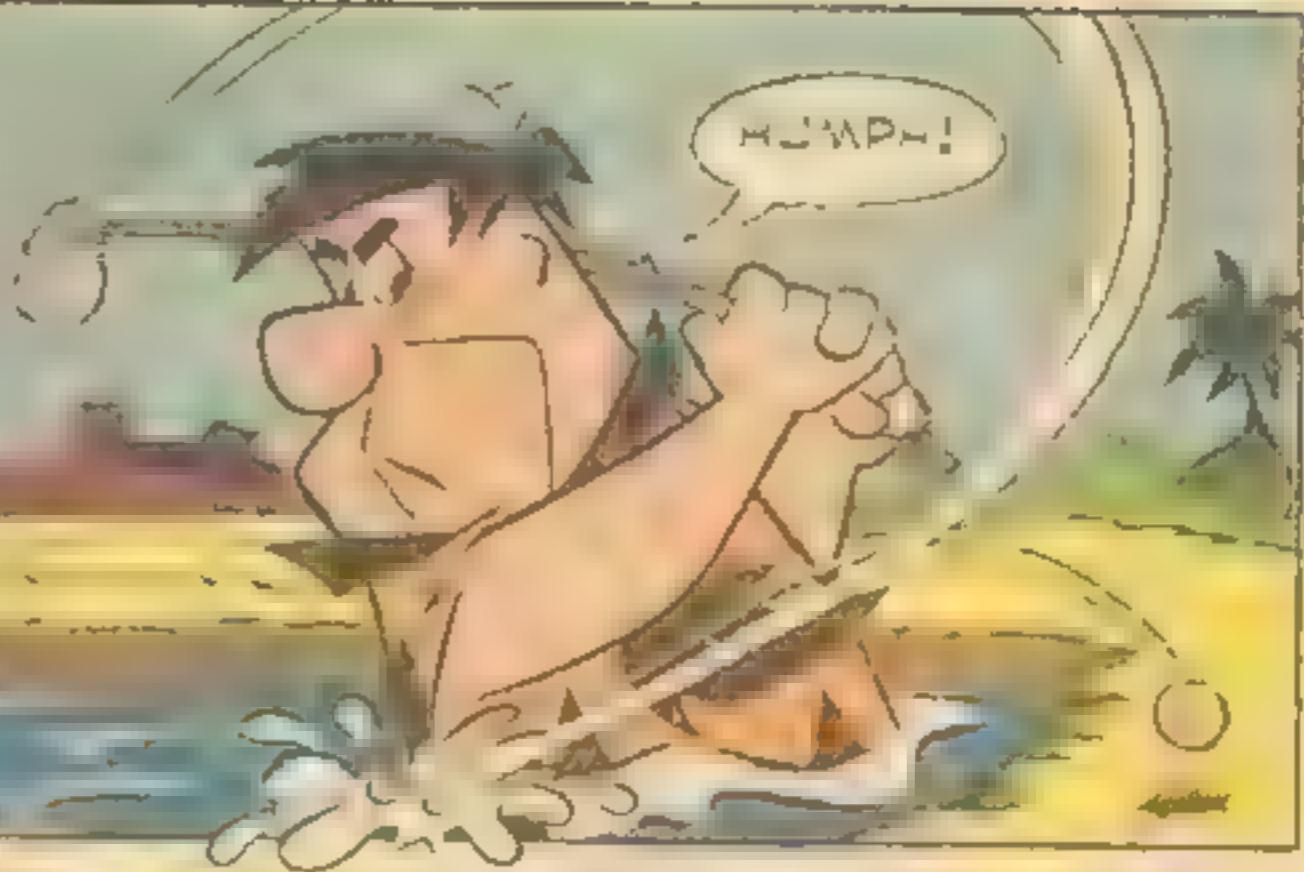
THE WINDOW
SCREENS ARE
ALL UP.

Harold Foster

THE FLINTSTONES

YOU
SHOULDN'T
HAVE TRIED TO
PLAY THAT
ONE, FRED!

HUH?



THAT ONE
WENT INTO
ROCKS!

KNOW
IT.

WHY DON'T YOU
JUST TAKE A PENALTY
STROKE, FRED?

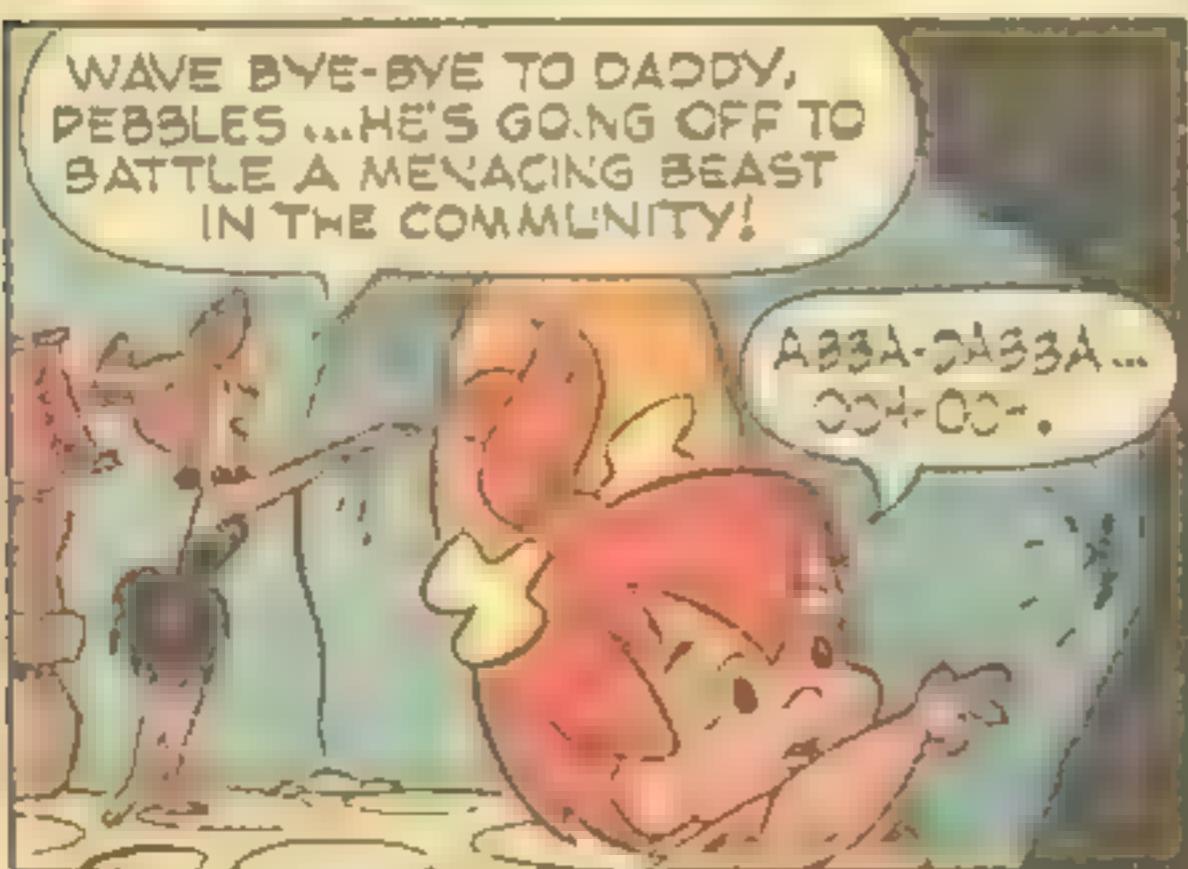
NEVER!



ON SECOND THOUGHT,
BARNEY, I THINK I
WILL PLAY IT
YOUR WAY...

I THINK I WILL TAKE
THE PENALTY STROKE
THIS TIME!



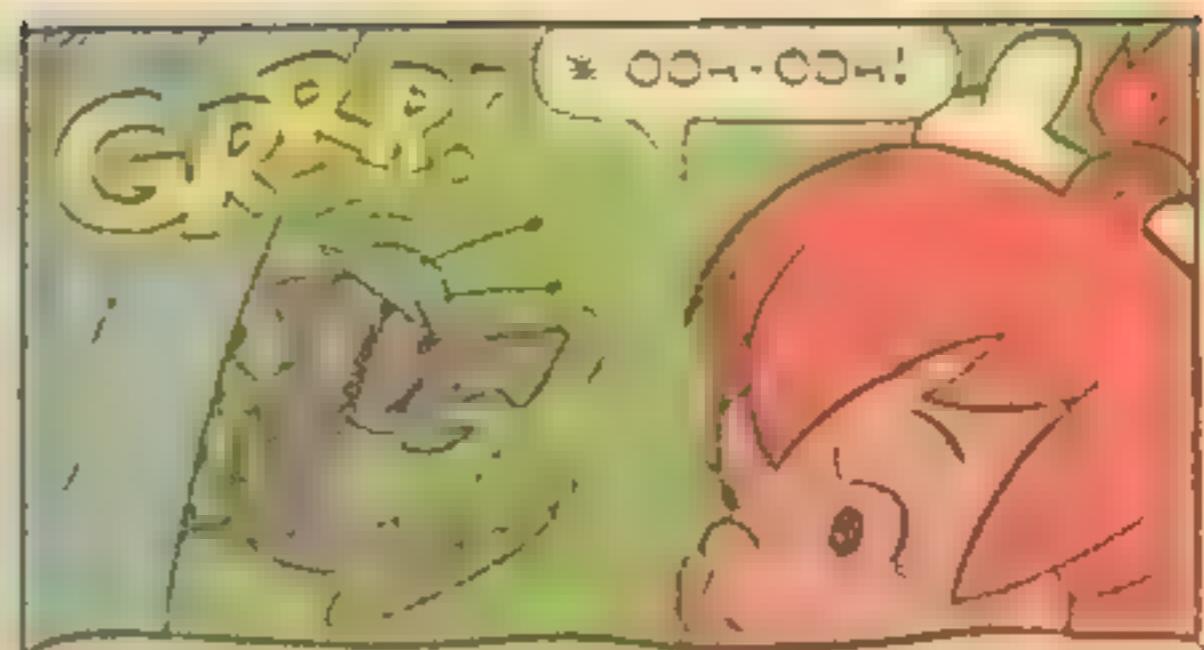




I DO HOPE FRED
IS CAREFUL!

* SIGN

* TRANSLATED: IF THEY ONLY TAKE
A CLOSE LOOK ONCE...



TRY TO SEE JUST HOW HORRIBLE BUGS REALLY ARE.



MAYBE SHE CAN INTEREST
BAMM-BAMM... HE'S CLOSER
TO THE AGE OF REASON!



AB3A-2433A-3AWW.



卷之三

ARMED
AND DANGEROUS
A SOLDIER
ANT...

OC-OCF₃
BAVRY.

BAWAI
BAWAI

THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT
THEY'RE OVERLOOKING.



FRED AND THE OTHER VOLUNTEER
HEROES SEE A SIGHT THAT MAKES
THEIR BLOOD RUN BACKWARDS...



RELAX IN YOUR
FAVORITE ROCKER,
POOR TIRED DADDY!

AHHH.

NOBODY GIVES A Hoot
ABO-T COPTER-HOPPERS!

EVEN BANW-BANW IS MAKING
LKE A GROW-UP...

SOMEDAY MAYBE THEY'LL
WAKE UP .SLT WHEN?

AWK! A
TWO-ALARM
SIGNAL!

FRED, YOU'RE IN NO
SHAPE TO GO OUT
SO SOON AGAIN!

DUTY IS
STRONGER THAN
SELF, MY DEAR!

FRED, FRED, FRED,
BEAUTIES ARE RAVAGING
AT ONCE.

NOON'S BREAK
OF THE DAY.

THAT MASTODON IS HAVING A SNORTING-FIT AND BLOWING DOWN EVERYTHING HE DOESN'T KICK DOWN!

TALK ABOUT A TRUNK FULLA TROUBLE!

PHONK!

AND OVER HERE, THIS TREBLE-SAURUS IS ROLLING IN THE FIELDS AND DESTROYING THE CROPS!

HMM... I HAVE AN IDEA THAT'LL SAVE US TROUBLE!

SQUEE!

FHOAK!

IT'S DARING, BUT IT WORKS... THE MASTODON IS ROLLING THE TREBLE-SAURUS OUT INTO THE WILDERNESS!

RUMBLE!

RUMBLE!

MEANWHILE, THE BATTLE OF THE ITTY-BITTIES CONTINUES AT HOME...

ABBA-ABBA...
OOH-HOO!

I'M JUST GOING
TO EXCUSE HER!

CHARGE! CHARGE!
SEE KAPOW!

THERE'S A TIME FOR
CORRALING CRITTERS...



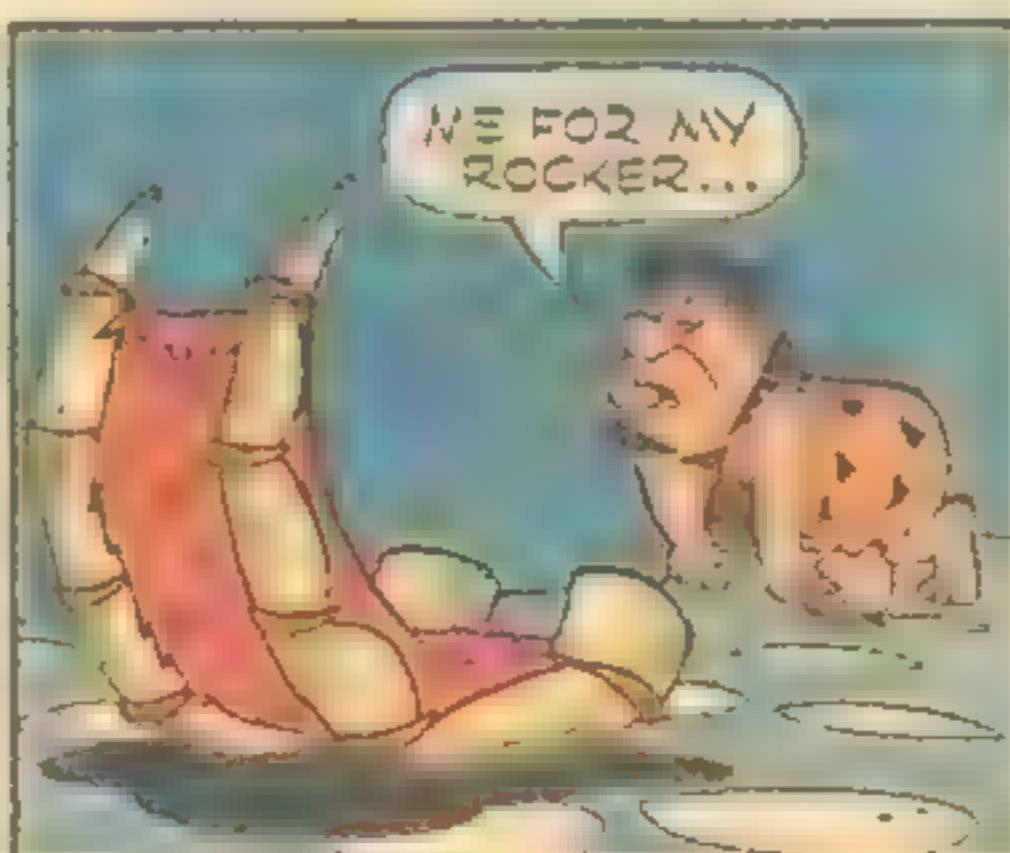
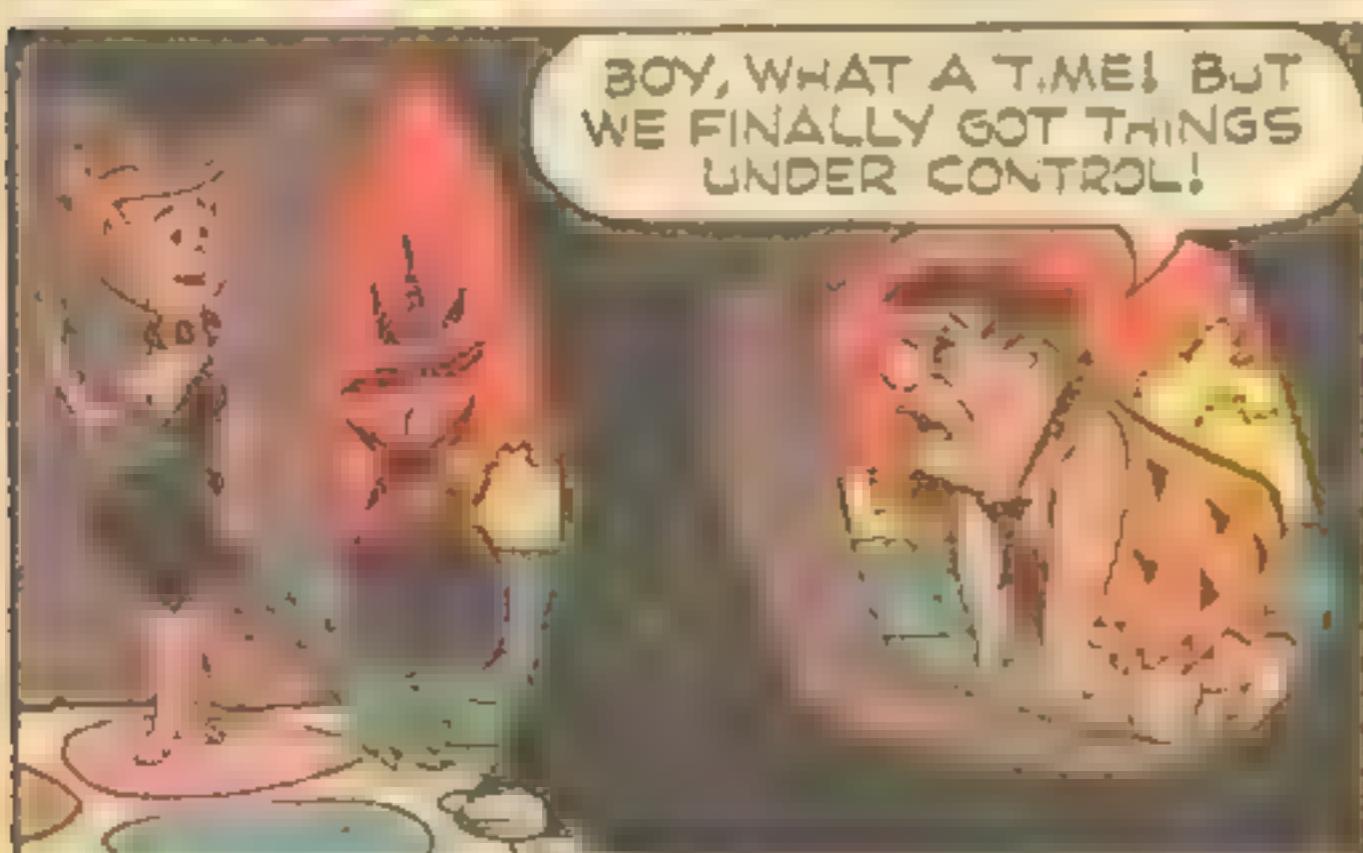
THERE! NOT A CREATURE IS STIRRING
ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE...

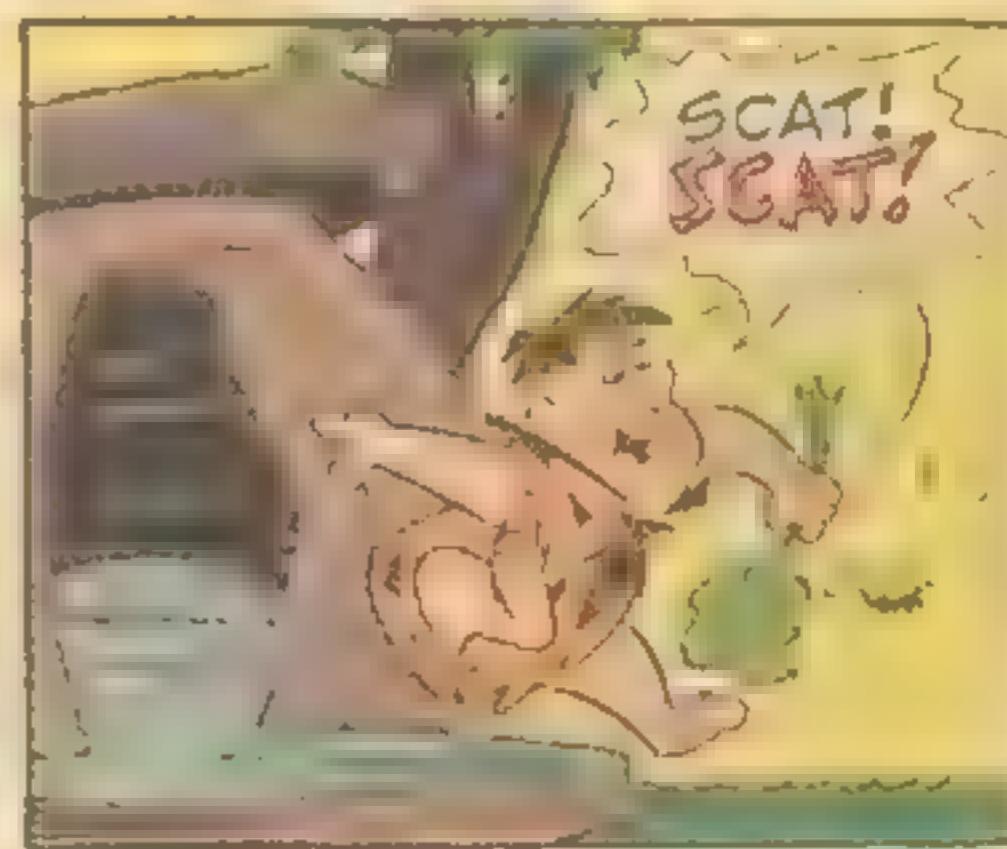
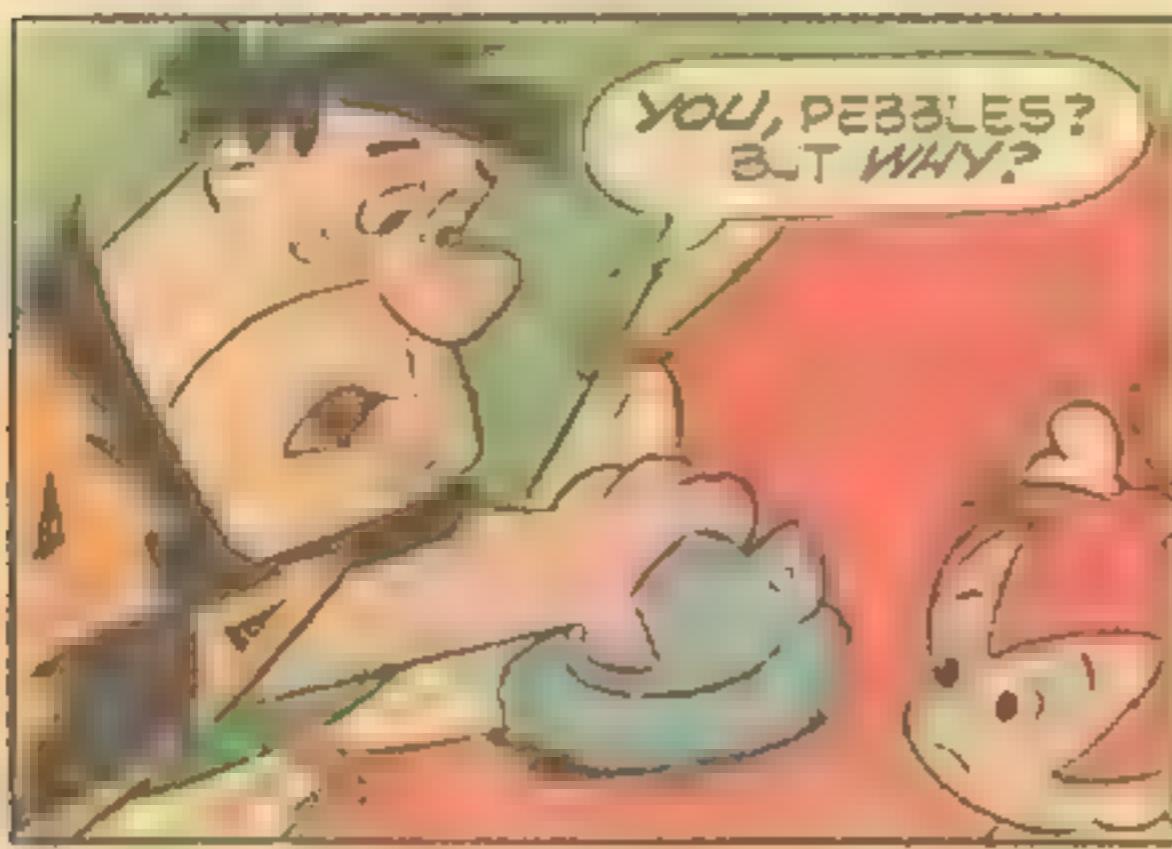
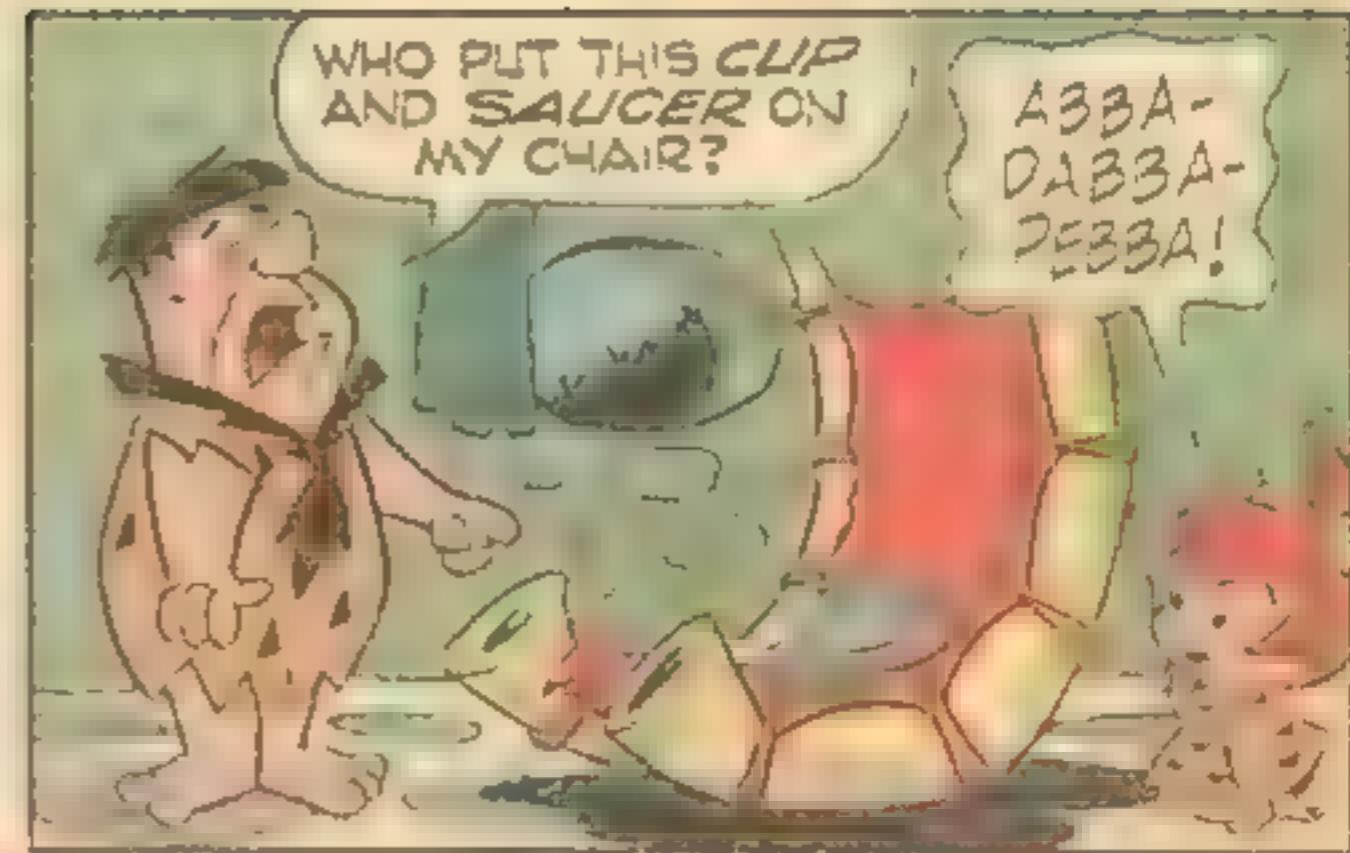
ZZEEET!

...THEY'RE ALL CLIPPED UP.

BOY, WHAT A TIME! BUT
WE FINALLY GOT THINGS
UNDER CONTROL!

ME FOR MY
ROCKER...





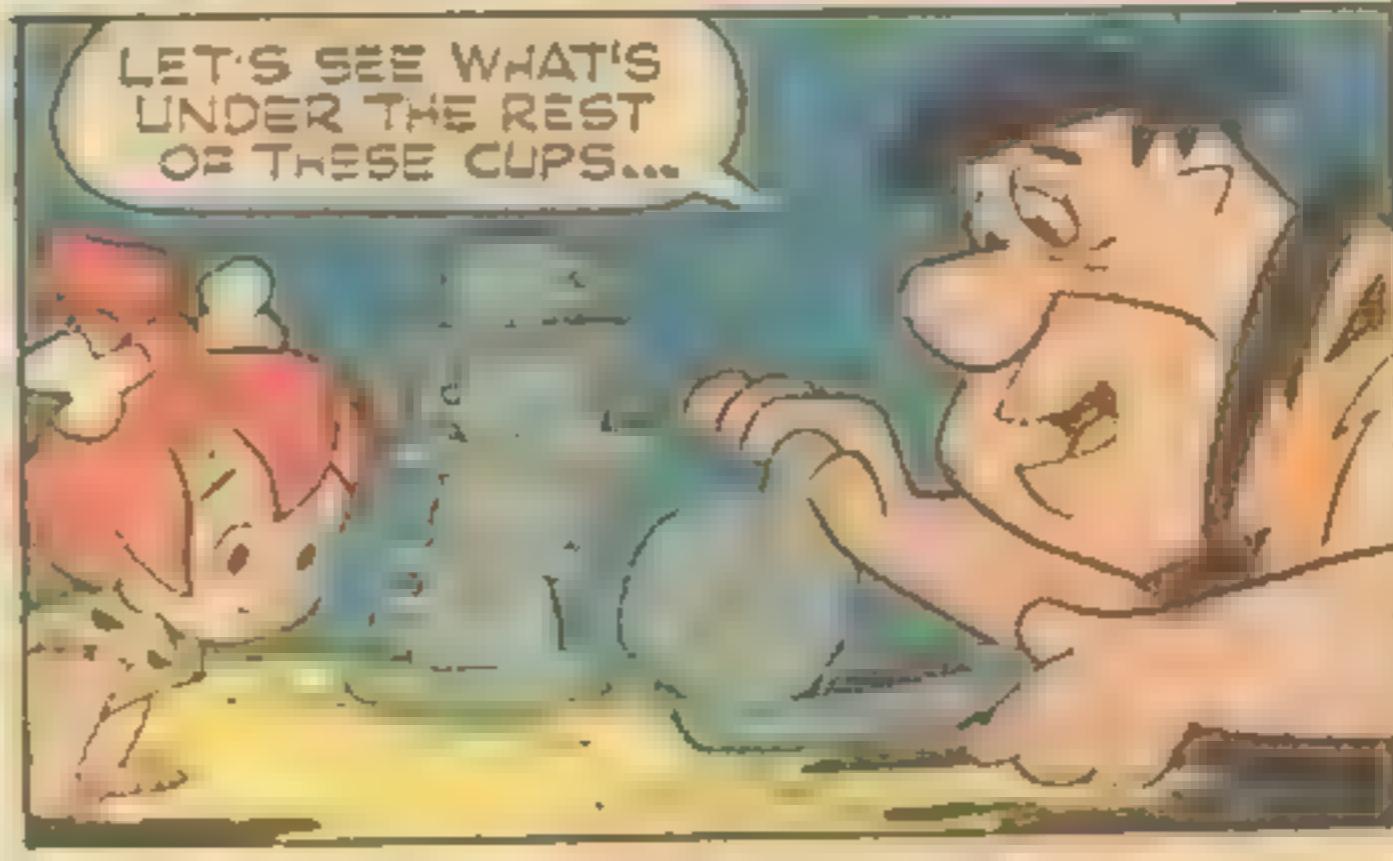
SUDDENLY I AM W.S.E.D.-LD!
COPTER-HOPPERS ARE THE
CAUSE OF MASTODON
BLOW-OUTS!



WE'RE STARTING TO
EXCERCE IT ALL
OUR TROUBLES.



LET'S SEE WHAT'S
UNDER THE REST
OF THESE CUPS...



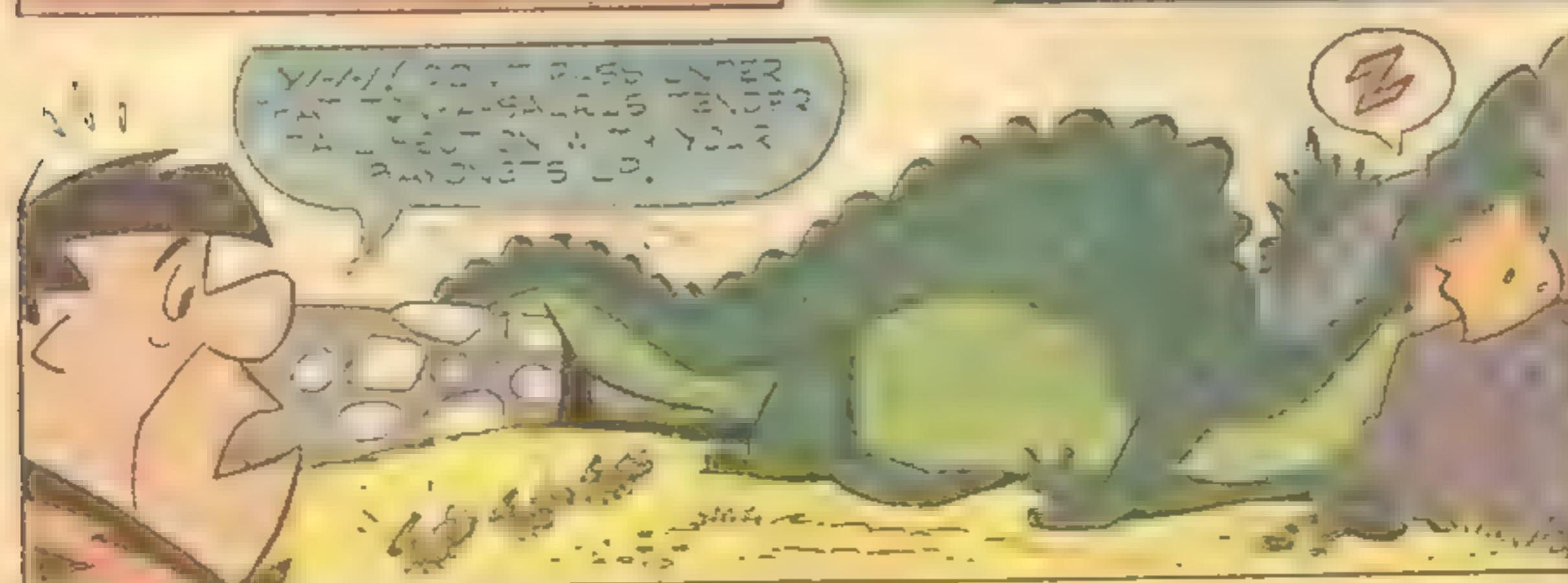
SOLDIER ANTS, E-?

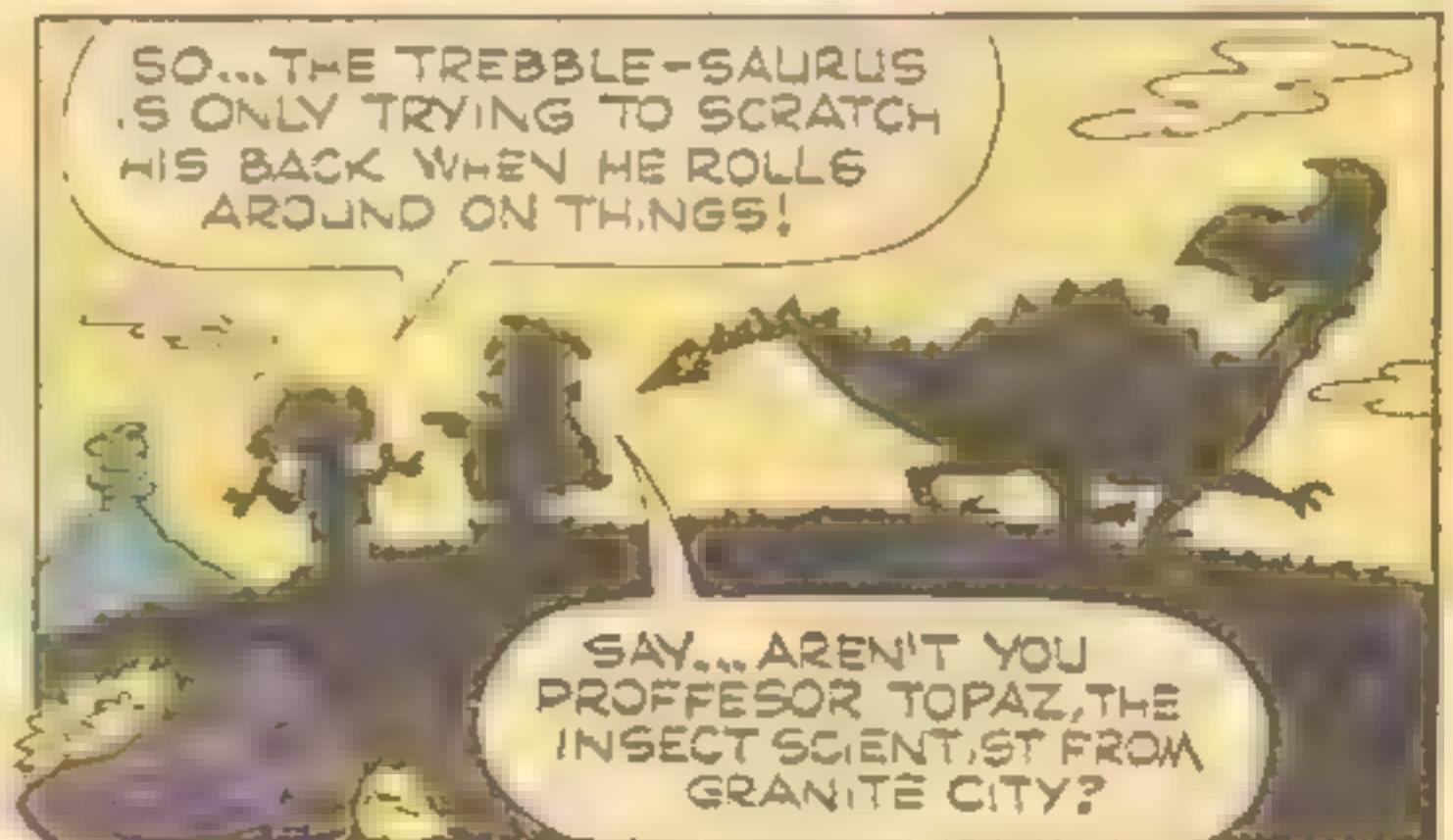
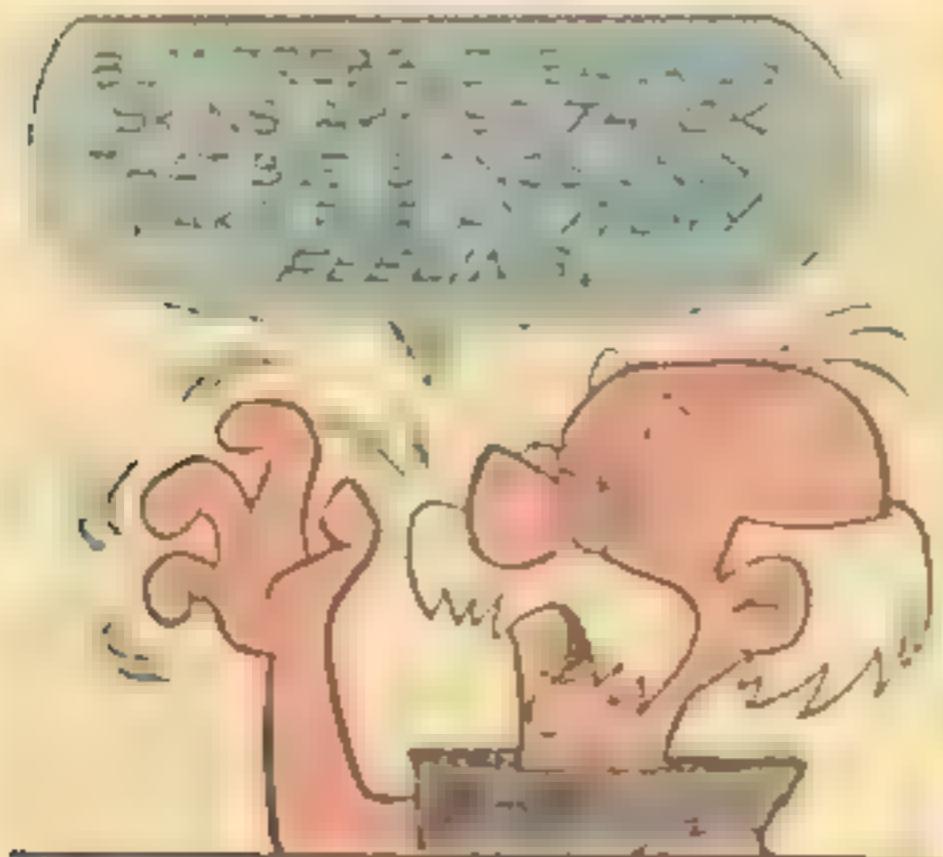


ONE-TWO-
THREE-FOUR...
HUP-HUP...



YEAH, GO, GOR-GE-OU-SE
THE VENGEANCE IS PLEAS-ER
THAT'S THE END OF YOUR
BAMONETS LD!





YES! IT'S TOO BAD YOU FOLKS
DON'T CALL ME UP TO THIS AREA
SOONER... I KNOW JUST HOW TO
HANDLE THESE MATTERS.

HEH, YOU AND
PEBBLES, THAT IS.

DA-DA.

FIRST WE RETRAIN THE
SIGNAL BIRDS TO BE INSECT-
SPOTTERS! THEN... BLA...
BLA...BLA...

AND SO...

THEY COULD
BE BUG-ALERT
DEAR.

YES, FRED!
WE'RE GOING...

HEH, RETRAINING OUR
WIVES WAS MY IDEA!

YES, WE EARNED
RETRAINING, FRED.

TAKE
THAT!

SCAT.

ABBA-DABBA,
SHOO-SHOO!

BAW-
BAMM.

WHUP!
WHUP!

END

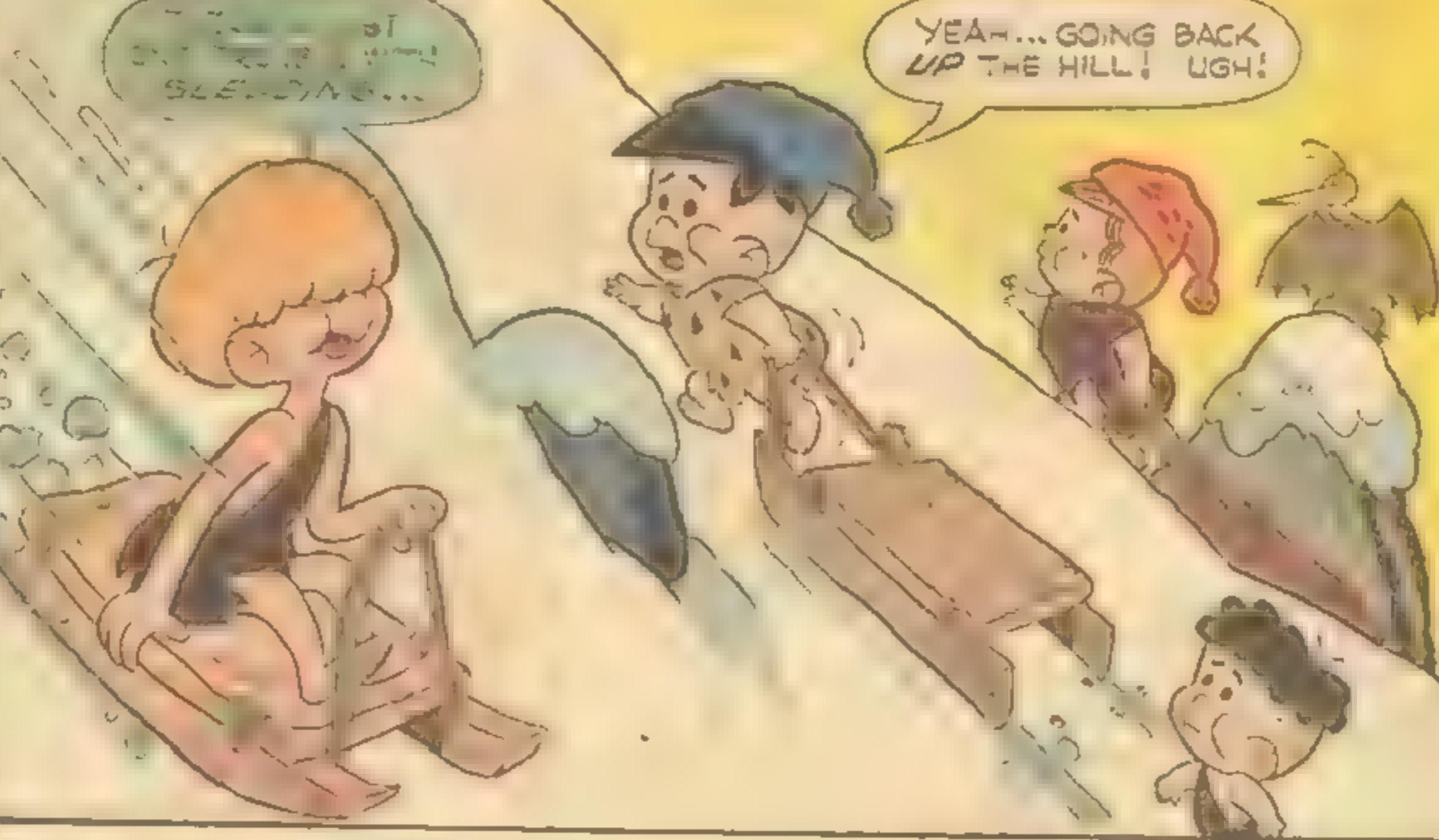
Hanna Barbera

CAVE KIDS

SKISAUROUS HUNT

BIT
SLEDDING...

YEAH... GOING BACK
UP THE HILL! UGH!



HEY! THERE'S JUST
WHAT WE NEED TO
RIDE UPON...

YES, BIT A SKISAUROUS IS
IMPOSSIBLE TO CATCH!

THEY DON'T
EVEN HAVE ONE
IN THE ZOO!

SLEEX!

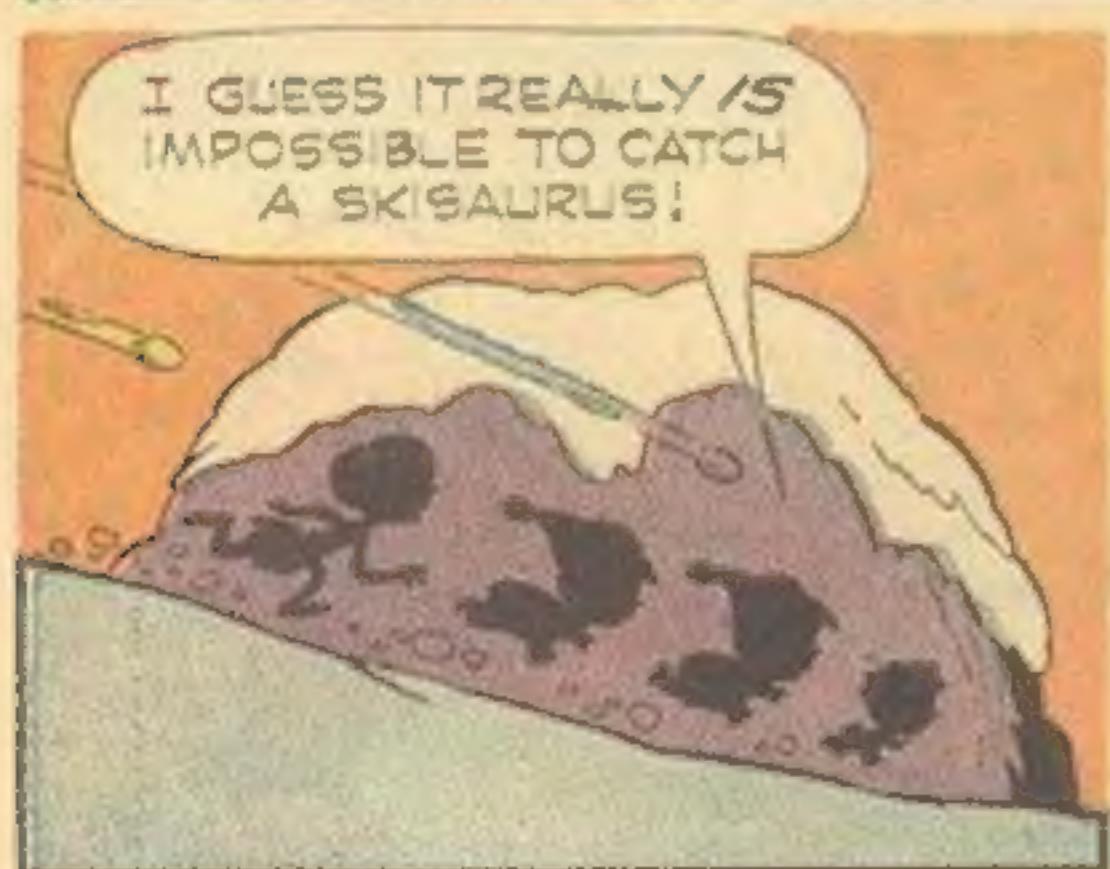
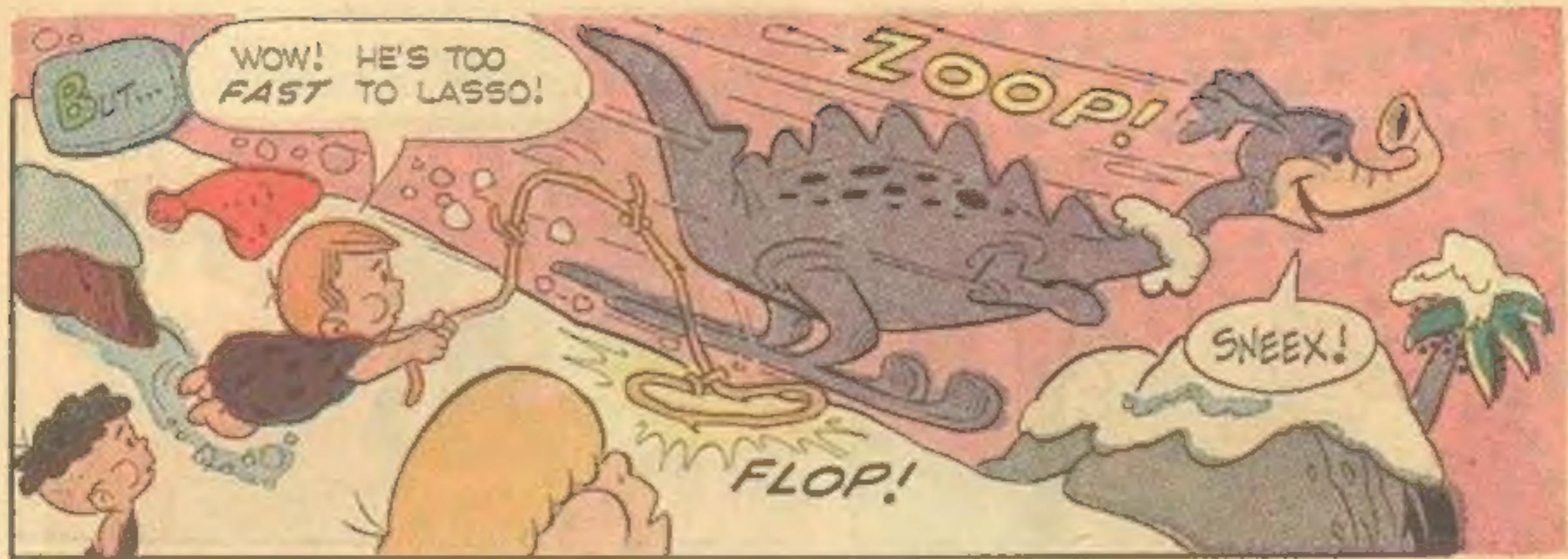
SO WHAT?
WE'VE DONE THE
IMPOSSIBLE
BEFORE!

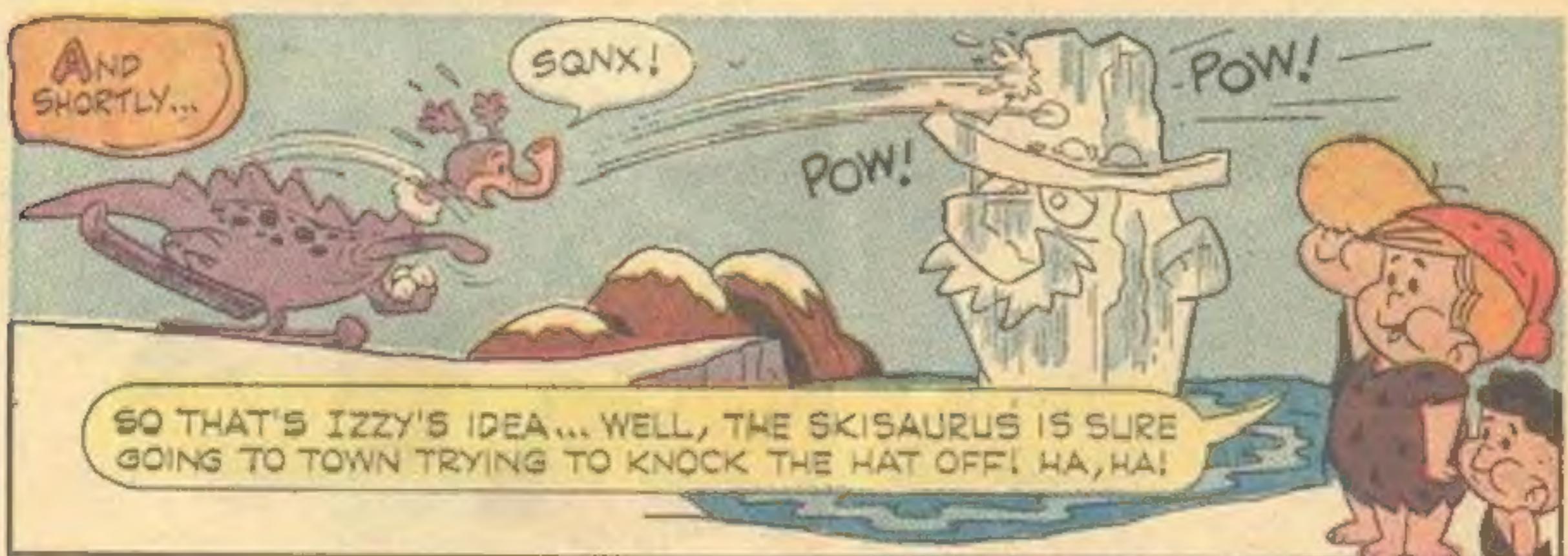
LIKE KNOW WE
HAD MEASLES AND
CHICKEN POX ALL
AT ONCE!

YEAH... LET'S TE
ALL OUR SLED ROPES
TOGETHER INTO
A LASSO!

I'M SHOO
I'M BACK
THIS WAY.









Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

BRUSHES?
FOOT POWDER?
FLY SWATTERS?

NO-
NO-
NO!

FURNITURE
POLISH?
BUG SPRAY?
COMBS?

NO-
NO-
NO!

POTS? PANS?
POTHOLDERS?

NO!

(WHEW!) THE PEDDLERS
IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD
ARE DRIVING ME BATTY!

THAT'S FUNNY,
THEY NEVER
BOther ME!

BEWARE
OF
DINO

DINO